

AN EX-PASTOR'S LETTER TO HIS FORMER PARISHONERS.

TO THE BRETHREN CHURCH AT BEAVER CITY, NEB.

We are now separated. For over eight years we traveled together—a number of us—as Christian pilgrims. In these years we have had many pleasant seasons together in the vineyard of our Master.

Over eight years of the happiest part of my christian life has been spent with you. I will never forget many of the soul stirring Christian services we had together, and as in the pale moonlight of the soft balmy climate of Southern Nebraska the years stole quietly down the lapse of time, the social bond of Christian fellowship was more closely drawn around us. And the blood-cementing chord of Christian love that brought us together and binds our hearts into one common brotherhood I trust may ever continue to hold us together with a tender regard for each other and our blessed Savior, "who gave himself for us."

Our hearts were often gladdened as we met and clasped each other's hands in the sanctuary of God. Sometimes we wept for joy while we listened to the testimony of Christian pilgrims and some sinners return and openly confess Jesus as their Savior.

Dear brethern, these things will not all be forgotten when we gather around our Father's table in the morning as the saints gather home.

It is true, at times trouble would assail us for a time but even this seemed to make us better and more humble.

We would learn the truth of the lesson Paul teaches, "All things work together for good to them that love God." Chastisement for the present is not joyous but grievous, but afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them who are exercised, thereby God is indeed gracious to his people when they are willing to be led by Him and trust Him. True fellow pilgrims, never tire in the service of the Master. The Lord has more for us to do, only "He that endureth faithful unto the end shall be saved."

In the vineyard there is work for the Master, for many are out in the desert.

Go, bid them come home to the Savior. Perhaps they will come if you ask them.

The paper you take them might teach them some truth that would lead them to Jesus. Don't wait for some others to do that which Jesus, of you, would require.

We each have a work to do. We are all workers in the vineyard of our Master. There are no drones.

It is the working bee that gathers the honey. Its the working Christian that lays up treasures in heaven.

I hope you have all had a merry Christmas and wish you all a happy New Year. Let us all try and make 1894 the best year of our life. With each coming year, with proper Christian growth, we ought to be able to do more work for the Master.

We can all find something to do, "The harvest is great and the laborers few."

In conclusion let me urge you to be faithful. Be true to your Savior, true to your church, true to your pastor, true to one another, true to every interest of your church. Read the EVANGELIST and have your neighbors read it. If possible have them subscribe for it. Live in full obedience to the Gospel. Never suffer any one to lead you away from the old apostolic practice of the church by telling you of non-essentials. Where Jesus leads let us follow. And if on earth we'll meet no more, we'll clasp glad hands on the other shore.

Aurelia, Iowa, Dec. 28, 1893.

ENJOYS THE EVANGELIST.

HOMERVILLE, OHIO, Jan. 28, 1894.

Dear Editor:—It has been some time since I have written anything for the EVANGELIST. I will write a few lines this beautiful Sabbath day. As we don't have preaching to-day, I read the EVANGELIST. It is a glorious paper for me to read. I can't see how a true Christian can belong to church and not take the church paper to read the good news from all over the Brotherhood of souls being converted to God. Think for a moment how our souls are made to rejoice when our children are converted. Why, it seems to us like heaven on earth. When I hear of other children turning to God it makes my soul glad.

The church paper is next to the Bible to me. We take three papers put none as interesting to me as the EVANGELIST. I can't see how any of the Brethren can refuse the EVANGELIST. When we don't have preaching then the EVANGELIST is a sermon to me.

My health is poor and perhaps I have not long on earth to stay, but while I do live, I want to live to praise my Jesus.

From your sister in Christ,
M. Mc DONALD.

A THREE SCORE AND TEN BROTHER'S LETTER.

VINCO, PA., Jan. 27, 1894.

Bro. Editor: Dear sir, I have been slow in renewing my paper, on account of other affairs. I want the paper for I have been taking it from the time that Henry Kurtz printed the Gospel Visitor, up to the time that Henry Holsinger sold out the Christian Family Companion. Then I stopped the

paper, for reasons not necessary to mention, until I received a copy of the Progressive Christian from H. R. Holsinger printed at Berlin; and I have been taking the paper ever since. Now I am within a few days of being seventy-one years of age and I don't want to be without it the balance of my life if I can help it. Here I inclose \$1.50 for the paper. And what ever my share will be for changing the paper I am willing to pay. I have only received one paper this year and I am satisfied with the change.

From your well wishing brother in the Lord.

ELDER WM. BYERS.

A CHURCH DEDICATED AND PAID FOR.

LEON, IOWA, Jan. 25, 1894.

BRO. HARRISON.—The church at this place began operation by dedicating their church Jan. 21st. The roads were bad but we had a good congregation. Bro. Flora preached the dedicatory sermon. He was assisted in the service by Bro. Isaac Thomas, of New Virginia, Ia., and Rev. Gurley of the Presbyterian church at Leon.

We have a fine church building and it is paid for. Our congregation is in good order and we expect to employ a regular minister. Bro. Flora is holding a series of meetings with good interest, although the weather is very bad.

Yours in Love,
M. P. GARBER.

Praise for well-doing is more rare, but not less important than blame for doing ill. The average parent is likelier to check a child when he does wrong than to commend him when he does right. So, all the way along in life, he who does as he ought to do is not sure to hear from it, while he who makes a slip of any kind is pretty sure to be reminded of the fact. An editor, as he sends out, week by week, the paper on which he has labored earnestly, knows that ten readers will write to him about the errors which they note, where one will write a kindly line in recognition of his care at other points. The knowledge that one's faults and mistakes are sure to attract attention, keep a man on the alert to do his best; but the occasional word of appreciation and praise from generous-minded observers, helps and cheers him in his ceaseless struggle.—*Sunday School Times.*

There is no such detective as prayer, for no one can hide away from it. It puts its hand on the shoulder of a man ten thousand miles off. It alights on a ship mid-Atlantic.—Talmage.